

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the dawn of day, when the sea and the earth
Reflected the sunrise above,
I set forth with a heart full of courage and
mirth
To seek for the Kingdom of Love.
"A good road would lead me aright,
And he said: 'Follow me, and ere long you will
see
Its glittering turrets of light."
And soon in the distance a city shone fair;
"Look yonder," he said, "the hope of my soul."
But alas! for the hopes that were doomed to
despair.
It was only the Kingdom of Dreams.
Then the next man I asked was a gay cavalier,
And he said: "Follow me, follow me,
And with laughter and song we went speeding
along
By the shores of life's beautiful sea.

Till we came to a valley more tropical far
Than the wonderful Vale of Cashmere
And I saw from a bower a face like a flower
Smile out at the gay cavalier.
And he said: "We have come to humanity's
goal;
Here love and delight are intense."
But alas! and alas! for the hope of my soul.
It was only the Kingdom of Love.
As I journeyed more slowly I met on the road
A coach with reins behind.
And they said: "Follow us, for our lady's
abode
Belongs in the realm you will find."
I followed, encouraged and bold,
But my hopes died away, like the last gleams
of day.
For we came to the Kingdom of Gold.

At the door of a cottage I asked a fair maid,
"I have heard of that realm," she replied,
"But my feet never roam from the Kingdom of
Home."
So I know not the way, and she sighed.
I looked on the cottage—how restful it seemed!
And the maid was as fair as a dove.
Great light glorified my soul as I cried:
"Why, home is the Kingdom of Love!"

IRISH POLITENESS.

BY S. MOORE.

Would it make me less Irish to be more refined,
Or would I be more like the men of my nation,
To give more attention to heart than to mind—
To nature's own teaching than cold cultivation?

A man may be Irish, and yet more polite
Than those who sneer at him through envy
or malice,
And the bulls which he makes as sparkling
and brilliant as another white Christmas.
This makes two on 'em right hand
runnin'. Three years ago was a mighty
mild winter, and we had a green Christmas
that year.

Here the old lady paused and heaved a
sigh. No one said anything, and she continued:
"I recollect now there was more
buryin' that year in the Bald Hill buryin'
ground than there has been since, all put
together."
"Yes," assented Mrs. Botsworth, reflectively,
"a green Christmas allers makes
a fat graveyard, they say, an' I never
knewed it to fail."

"I reckon it'll be good sleighin' to-mor-
row," observed Uncle Billy, "an' all the
folks'll come over in the bobs—Eh! what's that?"

The exclamation with which he concluded his remark was caused by the furious barking of old "Maje," the watch-dog, the sound of voices in the front yard, and what seemed to be the cry of a child in fear.

The two boys started for the front door, while the remainder of the family sat intently listening, and wondering who could be their visitors. They had not long to wait, for a minute later the sitting-room door was flung open and Jacob strode in, bearing in his arms a bright and lusty two-year-old boy. Almost snatching the wraps from about it, and holding the little fellow up, he shouted: "Pap, look at your grandson; Filsey's come, an' this is her boy."

"The devil it is," roared Uncle Billy, springing to his feet, with a face as black as a thunder cloud. "Take him away; I don't want ter see him."
"Hold on a minute," shouted a clear, strong voice in the doorway. It was the son-in-law who had spoken, and who now stepped into the room, his figure erect and his eyes blazing with anger. "Hold on a minute, I say," he continued; "I want a word. Bill Botsworth, I can buy an' sell you. I am a rich man, but you don't have to own me for a son-in-law at that account. As for me, I can get along without you. But Mary here wanted to come back and see her mother and all of you once more, and I said she should; and, more than that, I said you should treat her and baby right, or I'd make you; and, by thunder, I'll do it! Understand me, I ask no favors for myself, but for this poor girl here, that you've treated so mean, and who loves you, but who wants to come home, only for a little while, I will speak for, and fight for, if necessary." Even while he was talking mother and daughter were weeping in each other's embrace, and Grandmother Botsworth, rising with difficulty from her seat, laid her hand on her son's shoulder. "William," she said, "now's as

good a time to give in as ye'll ever have. If Mary an' Will can afford to forgive you, I don't see how you can help forgivin' them. Come now, son, do right."
For an instant he stood struggling with his passion, then love conquered. Extending his hand to his son-in-law, he said: "Billy, I knock under; I've made a mistake an' am sorry for it. Daughter, come here."
With a glad cry Mary put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again. "There, there, child," the old fellow murmured, in a voice husky with emotion; "it's all forgot now, an'—"

But he did not finish the sentence. And, while Mary was kissing grandpa and all were silently crying for joy, he began to hustle around and get on his boots to go out and "see about the horses." But, as Will and Mary had come to the station, only two miles distant, by rail, and had there hired a man and team to bring them over, his services in this direction were not needed.
He did, however, build up such a fire in the old fire-place as it had not seen for many a day; and, as they all sat around it and talked until long after the stroke of 12, it was indeed to them a happy Christmas.

So Mary went from home an outcast; and, as the buggy disappeared around the bend in the road, Milton turned to his father, and, with tears in his eyes, said, reproachfully:
"Pap, you oughter have done it."
And Mrs. Botsworth, who had come to the door just in time to take in the affair, echoed her son's words:
"No, pap, you was too hasty," she added. "Mary Ellen was allus a mighty good girl; an' though I'd rather she'd not a married Will Kenney, yet I hope the Lord will prosper 'em both."
"You are right, mother," said Jacob, the

elder of her sons, "you are right, mother. 'Filsey' (the nickname the boys had bestowed upon Mary when she was a toddler) was the best girl in Indiana; kind an' lovin' in 'an' a sister worth the havin'."
"As for Uncle Billy," seeing his whole family up in arms against him, he vouchsafed no reply, but turning, strode rapidly away in the direction of the barn.
From that time on he had never spoken his daughter's name. And although he knew that mother and the boys got occasional letters from her, yet he never by sign or inquiry, showed that he ever thought of her, or had the slightest interest in knowing whether she was dead or alive.
But on the Christmas eve that I have introduced him to your notice, he sat by the



"Don't you come in here!"

fire thinking; and his thoughts were of her. He had long ago admitted to himself that he was too hasty when he drove his only daughter away from his home; but he still remained silent. At each family reunion, always held on Christmas day, he had missed her. And as the coming day was to be held at his house, and his brothers and sisters with their families would be there, he, with some bitterness of feeling, was brooding over the fact, that through no fault of his, he reasoned, the pleasures of the day would be marred. Everybody missed Mary; the children of his nephews and nieces would ask for her and talk about her, despite the admonitions they had received to the contrary. As he was busy with his thoughts, gazing at the white moonlight in the fire, and now

at an punching up the fore-sticks in a subtle sort of way, Grandmother Botsworth suddenly spoke up and said:
"To-morrow'll be another white Christmas. This makes two on 'em right hand runnin'. Three years ago was a mighty mild winter, and we had a green Christmas that year."

Here the old lady paused and heaved a sigh. No one said anything, and she continued: "I recollect now there was more buryin' that year in the Bald Hill buryin' ground than there has been since, all put together."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Botsworth, reflectively, "a green Christmas allers makes a fat graveyard, they say, an' I never knewed it to fail."
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EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS of the third mortgage bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad have been taken by a German syndicate in which the Rothschilds and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin are the principals.

The Religious Side of the Confederate Armies.

It has been a matter of surprise to some historians that the Confederate armies were so steadfast, so daring, and so self-sacrificing.

Of course, the ability with which they were led was one of the strong elements of Confederate success. Another was the fact that the war to them was a defensive one, in which their homes and their household gods were at stake. The feeling of patriotism was probably never more vigorous among any soldiers than among those that followed Lee. The book before us ("Christ in Camp") shows to what point the patriotic feelings of all classes in the South were wrought. But in addition to all these causes, Dr. Jones' book throws a flood of light upon the characters and the aims of the men who won so many and so great victories. A large proportion of the ragged soldiery that followed Lee, Jackson, and Stuart were earnest Christian men, inspired by a faith as strong, and living lives as pure as Cromwell's Ironsides. These men, in many cases, had left their homes of refinement and ease to shoulder a musket, and to undergo all the privations of a Confederate camp. Whatever ebullition of feeling may have taken some of them into the army, nothing but the strongest conviction of duty kept them there. It is after reading Dr. Jones' book that we can best understand how these men bore cheerfully their trials and fought on with undiminished courage when hope of success had fled. Even on the last disastrous retreat to Appomattox, Lee's army shows an undaunted front to their pursuers, and, though well-nigh starved, were ready to engage in battle on the very day of the surrender. These men were simple, honest, God-fearing. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, and many others were leaders thoroughly in sympathy with the men they led. To such hosts, death, wounds, toils, privations, had no terrors, when in that way lay the path to Heaven.

Dr. Jones preserves many valuable statistics showing the labors of various organizations engaged in the religious work in the army and hospitals; and his account of how this work was carried on, taken from contemporary authorities, is very interesting. But all this yields in interest, as well as importance, to the picture he gives of religious life in the army of Northern Virginia; to the description of church services and prayer-meeting, in which whole brigades participated; of the great revivals which took place in every part of the army; of the activity of church work when in winter quarters; of the gathering of thousands upon some hillside in summer to worship God, where general officers, including Lee and Jackson, knelt with their men and guided their devotions; where chaplains' words were often heard as the men were preparing for battle, and the services were often interrupted by the opening of the firing; where such men as Governor Gordon, of Georgia, preached to their men before leading them into the "perilous edge of battle."—*Magazine of American History.*

Peddlers of Corea.

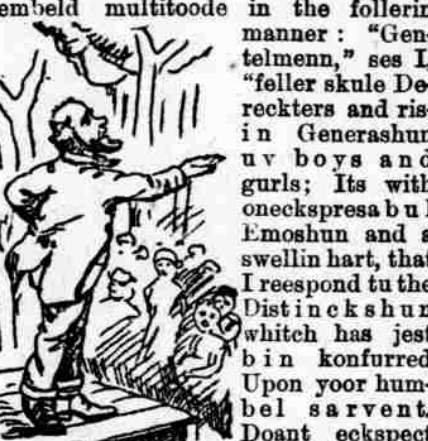
The peddlers of Corea sometimes bring their things in packs on coolies' backs, and sometimes they produce as a bushel of bundles from the depths of their loose sleeves. After a boy had shown his choice lot of copper bowls one day he went up his sleeve and brought out a trained sparrow that he put through several tricks and slipped up his sleeve again when we refused to buy. Several brought quantities of hair for sale, and insisted upon unrolling the bundles of coarse, black queues that had been clipped from the heads of Corean boys. There is a great trade with China in these Corean looks that are used to piece out queues. A large black bowl, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, was brought one day and gave occasion for many remarks about this wonderful wash-bowl being the only proof that any Corean had ever intended to wash himself; but it turned out that the bowl was used to hold the back hair of the palace ladies and singing girls, who wear tremendous chignons weighing fourteen and twenty pounds. Of the really good things that are brought for sale the best are small iron boxes, padlocks, and small weapons inlaid with silver in some really fine designs, many of them so nearly Persian as to astonish connoisseurs, and others in a fine diaper and key pattern quite as foreign to this end of the world. As inlaid metal work, it is crude and coarse compared to what other and very near nations can do. Disks of open-work bronze and iron are often brought hung full of coins strung on strings of colored silk. The coins and medals are curious in themselves, and they are regarded not only as charms and ornaments but as a proper way for a coin-collector to display his treasures. Of embroidery, either new or old, very little is seen that is good or curious, considering the near neighborhood of China and Japan. The peddlers often bring the square bits of embroidery worn on the front and back of the Mandarin's palace clothes, but they are generally too faded, faded, and stained to be of any use. The plastron of a civil Mandarin has two Corean stalks flying toward each other. Distinction as a Chinese scholar allows other to wear the storks, while a General sports a brace of most dangerous-looking white tigers embroidered on black silk, with a finish of conventional clouds and waves in brilliant colors. At weddings the bridegroom, however lowly in station, may ride in an official chair, sit on an official leopard-skin near the royal red, and also embroider cranes on his gown. The bridegroom pushes the privilege to its limit then, and the plastron of red satin covered with four, six, and eight cranes of different colors.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

GRATITUDE is properly a virtue, disposing the mind to an inward sense and an outward acknowledgment of a benefit received, together with a readiness to return the same, or the like, as the occasions of the deed shall require, and the abilities of the receiver extend to.—*South.*

GOPHER HOLLOW CORRESPONDENCE.

GOPHER HOLLOW, Illinois.

DEAR SUB—Today, as you will perceive by the tone of my letter, my spirits are in a Onyosuel elatid and cheerful kondishun. Yes, as I am a settin by the kitchen Tabul a pennin them fu Lines tu you, whilst the wumman is settin the sponge fer tu Ris his kitt, the thort cums hoam tu me; that Tru meritt is ollwais shoer tu be Recognized suner or laiter. This has bin mi Blissfull eckspereance tu our skoolie Pick Nick last week. As you know, we have a Vacashun rite into the Middel uv summer; fer tu giv the boys a chance tu Help thare fokes git up the hay and grane. Our skule let out last week and we celebrated the event with a Pick Nick. It tuck place onto the pitchere banks uv muskrat laik, which as you ken find on the Map, is sitivated into the north-east corner uv Laik kounty. In our parts its a wellnow fact that laik kounty is the cap sheef uv creashun; and muskrat laik lays like a glitterin due drop onto the top uv it. The okashun was a suksess, owin tu the wise forethort uv our teacher, a Lady uv rair Intellectool kultcher and delikt sains uv Fitness; as was shown by the way she konduktid the Pick Nick. She pickid onto me fer tu Deliver the Valeticktery, or cloasin Address. After the cravins uv the inner natcher uv the assemblid komuny was silenced with vittels and Drink, after the bair baul Game hed took place, and the childrin hed got tyred swingin into the hammuck, which the skulemom and my Esteamed feller Dereckter Samyooel Fritsch hed konstruktid fur thare yuse out uv a old fether bed tick, I was cauld uppon fer tu rise and address the Aujance. I was konsiderably overcum and frustratid by this sudden onner, fer it was, indeed, a moast unekspectid surprise. Risin tu my fete, I adrest the Assemblid multitoode in the follerin manner: "Gentelmen," se I, "feller skule Dereckters and risin in Generashun uv boys and gurls; Its with oneckspreasubul Emoshun and a swellin hart, that Ireespond tu the Distinkshun which has jest bin konfurrid Upoon your humoble sarvant. Doant ecksept no grate speech frum me Today; cause I haint had no time fer tu Post myself. But them fu Remarks what my tong is a goin tu utter, cums frum the fulness uv my Hart and what cums frum the Hart is middlin sartin tu go tu the Hart. Its skule boys and gurls moastly, that I am addressin them fu Remarks tu. Let me impres onto thare yung and tender Minds the onkalcoolabal valoo uv a thurro Edugakashun. To thare parents and Gardiens, which forms the Older and moar matoreet porshun uv my Heerers, my Advise cums tu lair. Its hard tu Larn a old dogs noo Tricks. Thare time fer intellectool kultcher is gawn by. But tu you I wood say: doant neglect an oppertoonaty fer too lay in a good solid stock uv yooftul and ornimental nollidge fer futecher yoose; caus that a kind uv Persenal property which no sherriffs sail ken clap onto. After you taik upon yurselves the Resposabilitiis uv Growned Up sittensins, you wil understand mi meenin moar Fulli. Beesides, A Edjugashun is an ornament tu a man, as you ken konvise yoorselfes by goin Back tu histry A littel Wais, and did Modesty not ferbid me, I might pruve the Trooth of this here Aersherun by breefly Referrin tu myself. But I forbore. Aul I wil say is: maik Ha wale the sun shines, lay in a stock uv larnin while you air jung. The Effectuv uv this Orashun was a moast flatterin one. The Promonent sittensins crowdid round me tu shaik Hands and the skollards shoutid: 3 cheers fer danyell Green, our skule Dereckter!" whilst the skulemom was affectid tu Teers, which stood onto her bloomin cheekes Like Ransedrops on a fulblown piny in Joon. Doant be surprisid uv yu heer no moar til after harvest frum yures truly,



DANYELL GREEN,
Skule Dereckter, path Master and Which was a runnin, fer Yustis uv the Pees.
Parlor Eggs.
"You trifling scoundrel!" exclaimed a Southern gentleman, addressing a negro grocer, "you told me that those eggs I got here yesterday evening were fresh."
"I said dat da had jes been laid, sah."
"Yes, but confound you, they were spoiled."
"Dat ain't my fault, sah, not er tall my fault. De aigs wuz fresh laid, but I has sence found out dat de hens wuz sorter stale."
"What!"
"I say de hens wuz sorter stale, sah. Peer like da's been roostin' whar de feller don't 'em an' da midwived. Hens gits mighty bad dat way sometimes, sah; powerful bad."
"Why, I never heard of anything like that before."
"O, yes, sah, mighty often de case. See dat chicken out yander? Wall, sah, she's almos' spiled, been roostin' in de dew so much."
"I believe you are an old liar!"
"Oh, I kaint he'p what yer b'lebe. I'd hate mightly ter be 'sponsible fur what folks b'lebes dese days."
"Are those eggs over thare fresh?"
"Wall, I couldn't inahoe 'em, sah."
"I propose to pay cash for them. Don't intend to compel you to make those eggs good."
"What, dese yere aigs—dese yere ober yere? Oh, yas, sah, da's ez fresh ez er rainbow."
"Have the hens that laid them been roosting in the dew?"
"Dat da ain't, sah; dat da ain't. Dem hens—y' dem hens won't stay nowhar else but in de parlor, sah. Yas, sah, yas. Toney, put de Colonel up er dozen of dem parlor aigs."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Prof. F. W. Putnam, curator of Peabody museum at Cambridge, Mass., and perhaps the most distinguished archaeologist in America, lectured before the Western Reserve Historical Society, says the *Cleveland Herald*, on the mounds and the mound-builders of Ohio.

"There were," said the speaker, "four great antique races on this continent, or the people, if of one race, show a greater diversity than any other on earth. For instance, we found in one mound in Ohio fifteen hundred skeletons, and these were of various sizes and differed in their characteristics. The four great races can be resolved into two—the long-headed people and the people with short and broad heads. There is evidence that the long-headed people come from Northern Asia, and crossing Behring Strait, continued their way downward as far as California. Then they crossed to the great lakes, went down the St. Lawrence, and spread themselves into Ohio and Pennsylvania. There is evidence that they resembled the people of Northern Asia in face and form. The short-headed people had the characteristics of the people of Southern Asia, and resembled the Malay race. The first traces of them we find in Peru and Central America. From there they worked toward the north into Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona, and following the rivers which empty into the Gulf of Mexico, notably the Mississippi, they mingled at last with the long-headed people in Tennessee and Ohio and were finally absorbed by them. The Indian is a descendant of those two races." The speaker then went on to describe the mounds built by these people. He told how the former method of digging a hole in the center of the mound, which was first practiced by explorers, has been abandoned for a more exhaustive method of research. Prof. Putnam does not excavate the mounds, but slices them off in perpendicular sections until the whole mound has been laid open to inspection. He described at length the use of the mounds for burial, and said there were many ways in which the bodies were prepared for interment. Sometimes they were cremated and sometimes simply laid in the ground; sometimes a rough stone tomb surrounded the bodies, sometimes a sort of log-house work of timber.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Rugs and Matting.

The variety of rugs from which one may choose is wide even when excluding the "real" Persian and Turkish ones, which are beyond the purses of most people. The Smyrna rugs manufactured in Philadelphia are too well and favorably known to need much comment, but the large sizes in this make are not cheap, although their durability makes them well worth the purchase. An excellent substitute may be made by buying the plain ingrain filling, sewing it into a square of the dimension desired, and surrounding it with a border to match.

When, for any reason, a bare floor with rugs is out of the question, the next best thing is matting. It is easily kept clean, for the dirt lies on top and can be brushed off instead of becoming ground into the fabric, as is the case with carpets. As it grows dingy it may be freshened by wiping it with a cloth dampened in salt and water.

Matting may n. t. be the best floor-covering for a hall where the constant tramping back and forth is apt to break the straw and wear it in spots. Nor can it be recommended for use in the dining-room unless protected under the table by a rug or druggit. The pushing back of heavy chairs soon leaves its mark even on the stoutest carpet, and matting cannot stand such rough usage. But in sitting-rooms, and especially in sleeping apartments, it is far preferable to a carpet. In the bedrooms small rugs laid by the bed, bureau, and wash-stand are all that is really needed, even for delicate people who dread to have their feet come in contact with the cold surface. In the other rooms larger rugs may be placed where it seems best, by fire-place, sofa, or sewing-chair.

Matting is in thorough harmony with the present style of cottage plainings. It is in keeping with scrim and Madras draperies, wicker and Ryal chairs, bamboo shades and screens, and the many other light articles that are superseding upholstered furniture.

Household Hints.

WHERE cockroaches are abundant sprinkle lime powder.
This quality of food has much to do with the quality of the milk.

If you are troubled with slugs or worms strew soot on the soil around the plants.

WHITING or ammonia in the water is preferable to soap for cleaning windows or paint.

FLOWER-POT stains on the window-sill will yield to a forcible application of fine wood ashes. Rinse off in clear water.

TO WASH dishes without putting the hands in the water, make a mop of cord or twine with a wooden handle about a foot long.

THE juice of half a lemon makes a very pleasant addition to either iced or warm tea. Of course milk should not be used with it.

Savagery of Boyhood.

Those persons who are not in a position to come in contact with the children of to-day need only to recall to memory the scenes of their childhood in order to find repeated episodes in which a suffering kitten or puppy was the central and unpitied figure. The callousness of the children of one's own circle will be made evident after a few minutes spent in such clarifying (though, to sensitive people, rather annoying) introspection, and what is true of one circle in this regard is approximately true of all. My own conviction is that healthy boys under 15 feel very little compassion for any suffering, but that of their near relatives, their close friends, and occasionally their pet animals. Not only do they evince little compassion, but they often show more than an entire apathy, even an actual pleasure, at the sight of pain inflicted upon animals, and some, with whom we need not now concern ourselves, take a delight that to grown people seems almost fiendish in tormenting their weaker play-fellows.

The best conductors of electricity are silver, copper, gold, zinc, platinum, iron, tin. The poorest conductors, or the best insulators, are dry air, ebonite, paraffine, resin, sulphur, sealing-wax, glass, silk, wool, dry paper, porcelain.

"I have a story to tell you, boys," the old Doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day, it had been, too—I met my father on the road into town. 'I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesitating. Now I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty, and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing-class. My first impulse was to refuse, and do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think. 'Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package. 'Thank you, Jim,' he said. 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.' He walked with me to the road that turned off to town, and as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.' I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house a crowd of the farm-hands stood at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face. 'Your father!' he said. 'He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.' I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.' No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang or remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured glibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath. And after all, it is such a little way that we can go together."

MR. TAYLOR, the colored Democrat from Kansas City, Mo., whom the President appointed Minister Resident and Consul General to Liberia, has left his post of duty in disgust, and proposes, as soon as the sixty days' leave of absence he has obtained has expired, to resign his commission. He has prepared a report of 150 pages, which will not be pleasant reading for Mayor Latrobe, of Baltimore, and other enthusiastic originators of the Liberia colonization scheme. "It is the toughest country," he says, "I ever struck. They have no mules, no plows, and the average wages are \$4.88 a year—\$4.88 a year," he repeated. "They have some rich gold mines, but they will shoot any one who attempts to develop them. 'My God!' I exclaimed, 'if this is the country of my fathers it is a good thing they left it, and any negro who wants to get back ought to be hanged, and any white man who wants to go there should be put in an insane asylum.' There is no business for a Consul General to do. Only four American vessels come there a year, and all from Boston. The General of the army is a feed Consul for Belgium; the Postmaster General is a feed Consul for Hayti. The Liberian brass band, consisting of one drum, with a hole in it, and a cracked life, came and serenaded all the night of the Fourth of July, and next morning sent me a bill of \$20. They have their bill yet for their pains. I was earning a good living in Kansas City, when my friends urged me on Secretary Bayard for this place. I want to go back to Kansas City again. I have had enough of Liberia."

They Knew Their Business.

"There's a big difference in men," said a stranger, as he sat in a hotel in a Western Dakota town. "Now I saw two men in front of a saloon over here to-day. Pretty soon somebody began to shoot in the saloon, and one of the men started off mighty sudden and the other rushed right in. It shows."

"I seen that, too, pardner," said a man who lived in the place, "an' it don't show nothing but a difference in their business."

"How's that?"

"Why, that man who started off so blame' fast was the City Marshal. He knowed there was a row."
"But who was the man that rushed in?"

"Coroner."—*Dakota Bell.*

ERNEST SCHILLING-HULSKAMP, the young man who as a coachman became famous some two or three years ago by marrying Victoria Morosini, the daughter of the man whose horses he was hired to drive, is living with a friend on Long Island and painting for a living. "Have you heard nothing from your wife?" he was asked. "Not a word. Do you know anything?" "She is said to be in Italy. Was there no quarrel or anything of that sort before she left you?" "Not a word. No trouble at all. Her father did it." "Are you going to get a divorce?" "Not unless she can get one if she wants to, but I don't see how she can. It's a year last September now since she went away."